### HOEING HIS ROW.

Hoeing his row, the farmer boy Whistles and sings in careless joy; Nature smiling on every side, Quickly the hours and moments glide; Little of sorrow his spirits know As gayly he labors and hoes his row.

Hoeing his row, in riper years, A buoyant hope his spirit cheers; While blade and stalk grow green and strong, He s ngs full many a lover's song; And future pleasures brighter grow As hoping he labors and hoes his row.

Hoeing his row in middle life, Away from cares and angry strife.

A loving wife and children fair
His many joys and pleasures share;
Crops of plenty their wealth bestow, As happy he labors and hoes his row.

Hoeing his row-the setting sun Tells us his work will soon be done-Peace and comfort crown his days And all who know him speak his pra'se; Who would not change the world's vain show For his simple joys, as he hoes his row?

Hoeing his row? His life is past, His sweetest moments were his last: He never sought for praise or fame, But children's children bless his name: Over his grave sweet breezes blow, The faithful farmer has boed his row. -Kansas City Journal.

## PLAYFUL VIVIEN.

She Toyed With Two Hearts and Broke Them Both.

Mrs. Glentworth's country house was familiarly called the "Castle" from its miniature towers, turrets and battlements-the "Castle of Indolence," Dolores Martinez, her lovely goddaughter, playfully designated it when she pleaded guilty to an undue amount of nappings in the hammock. And the castle was never so delightful to Mrs. Glentworth as when filled with young guests lovers of those whom she trusted would become such. Mistress of a large fortune, a childless widow. with only Dolores, who was orphaned and left to her guardianship, to care and me to be idle and purposeless. I for, the little pastime of match-making was her ruling passion. She thought herself without a rival in it, and was you say, this is a veritable Castle of Infond of pointing out the couples who except for her would not have been so | wight.' happy; and all the time Destiny, who had most to do with it, smiled grimly at the good lady's self-conceit.

Just now she had in mind to mate Hilary Glentworth, her deceased husband's favorite nephew, with Dolores. A perfect contrast, therefore a good match, she thought. He, tall, fair and broad-shouldered; she, dainty and dark, betraying ber half-Spanish parentage in her creamy skin and soft black eyes.

They all slept a great deal at the walked out from the city, wondered if he had reached the land where it was dead silence. It was like a realm of enchantment. And was that the Princess? he queried, as he approached the house. For Dolores was fast asleep in the hammock under the veranda. Lifting his hat to the sleeping beauty he entered the house unceremoniously. Going to the drawing-room, where he expected to find his aunt, he found instead a room darkened and unoccupied, and full of the pent-up sweetness of many flowers. Passing to the library and finding that untenanted he returned to the veranda and tiptoed by the sleeper, pausing to say:

Love, if thy tresses be so dark, How dark thy hidden eyes must be! And the earnestness of his look made her conscious of it. She gave a little start and opened her eves, but he vanished, and she, only partially awakened, fell asleep again.

But sleep has its duration, and Dolores awakened and looked about her surprisedly and expectantly, then flushed faintly as she recalled her supposed dream of a fair Saxon face and tender blue eyes, and went to call Mrs. Glentworth, bending over her and awakening her with a kiss, saying:

"Dear godmother, your beauty sleep is too long; you will grow plain again. Then there is that ball at the Murrays to-night, and my costume not quite decided upon."

Destiny was at the ball that night to plot and counterplot, to play with people as with puppets, pairing and impairing. And, seeing Dolores standby Mrs. Glentworth's side, dressed like a French Marquise of olden times, with her powdered hair in delightful contrast to her dark eyes-her skirt of cream-colored silk brocaded with crimsin looped over a quilted petticoat with crimson roses, sparkling jewels rising and falling with every heart-throb she thought her a fitting toy, and, looking about, spied Hilary entering the

the play. His aunt greeted him with the utmost surprise!

"Why, Hilary! I thought you on your way from Germany. And is not this most unkind to come here before

coming home?' With his usual graciousness of manmer Hilary made his peace with very few words, and was soon bending over Dolores in acknowledgment of Mrs. Glentworth's eager presentation. Then Destiny nodded with delight and hurried to arrange other people to her satisfaction, if not theirs. She had reasons of her own for mating these two, and hovered about them listening to Hilary's gallant speeches almost as de- lover were as free to enjoy each other's she wur dead then, poor lamb; Lord

lightedly as Dolores did. where she had seen that fair face and lady was loud in her praises. She "Is there no life, no hope?" Hilary those tender eyes before; in her dreams, surely; and her cheek flushed, and she was hurried away in Hilary's arms to the delicious music of a Strauss waltz, Destiny keeping perfect time with her indefatigable and inexorable

Hilary was not remiss about calling the next morning, nor did he need much urging from Mrs. Glentworth to grim delight. induce him to send for his luggage. And she was busy thinking how well What dreamy, hazy weather; what

her plot was working, how discreetly she would chaperon them, how adroitly leave them to themselves. Hilary thought to teach Dolores German that summer, but her soft Spanish speech tripped among the gutturals, and so he contented himself with stretching his lazy length at her feet and telling her of German customs and scenery instead. They most often strolled to Point Lookout, where there was a fine lakeward view, and where they passed the afternoons with books and conversation. One day they had been keeping silence for a long time—the silence born of perfect content-when Hilary exclaimed abruptly:

"Dolores, is there a spell of witchcraft cast over these grounds? Listen! What do you hear?"

"Just the splashing of the water at the foot of the cliffs and the cry of the cicada; yes, and the chirping of the ericket, which saddens me.' "Why?"

"Because it is a premonition of decay; because it is a reminder that these roses, now in the perfection of bloom, will soon drop their petals; that these oaks will soon be purple and russet, and then bare; and then-well, who knows what then?" said Dolores with a shudder. But Hilary hastily knelt at her side, looking into her soft, dark eyes with passionate fervor.

"Dolores," said he, reprovingly, "and then? Surely you forget that then you are to have the sunshine of my love. Why, we are to be man and wife before the oaks are bare, and I will so protect and cherish you, you will believe your pathway strewn with

Dolores was silent for a moment; then, looking shyly into the face she loved so well, said gravely:

"You mean these words now; but are you quite, quite sure that you love people, especially when she had as me so steadfastly that nothing can your new duet. I must stay with dear change you?"

such a doubting mood? It is something in the atmosphere, I do believe; something that causes you to doubt. almost feel as if I could not resist any sort of temptation if exposed to it. As dolence, and you are the 'wicked

"I shall go to the house." "Why, sweetheart? And why do

you look so sorrowful?" "I ask you if you are sure you love me, and you are not at all certain, but think so."

In the library the next morning Hilary was watching Dolores busy with some dainty handicraft, and begged her to lay it by, saying:

"Come, Dolores, put aside that make-believe work, fold your hands so, castle those hot summer days, and lean your head against the chair back, Hilary, who, arriving unexpectedly, look dreamy and appreciative while I read to you Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen.' " But Mrs. Glentworth interalways afternoon, for there was such a rupted the reading, saying "See here, children," as she came into the room with an open letter in her hand, "here is a letter from Vivien Searles, announcing that she will be here the 20th, and that is to-day."

"Ah!" said Hilary, indifferently, "and so I am to meet my stepeousin again. I wonder if she is as charming as ever, and as heartless.'

Mrs. Glentworth, who was already arranging in her mind whom she should ask to met her, absently replied that she was a great belle and had the reputation of being heartless. "But," she continued, "I hope you will not quarrel with her as you used." "Is she dark or fair?" questioned

Dolores of Hilary. "Fair, I believe; really I do not re-

member her distinctly.'

as ever?" "A woman may be charming in man's eyes without his being able to tell whether she is blonde or brunette."

"I do not believe it," said Dolores positively. "Which am I?" "You? O, you are the dearest little woman in the world."

"A pretty speech that, Cousin Hilary," said a soft voice, and Miss Searles stood before them with a peculiar expression of half sweetness, half sneer upon her face.

"Pray excuse my interruption," she continued after the greetings had passed and she had been presented to Dolores. "I rang and rapped, and the to the rescue, and carried her up the carriage that brought me made noise same path by which she came. The enough to bring the household to the porch. Are you lotus eaters?" she questioned with a smile that had a touch of irony.

Mrs. Glentworth's entrance put an end to further conversation; Mis Searles was shown to her room and they did not meet until dinner. She was a vision of loveliness as she glided low brow, and coiled in a golden mass at the back of her perfect head; she was slender and lissom, and clad in of her, and her violet eves had a pathetically sweet expression. Dolores he questioned the fishermen. was prepared to dislike her; Hilary thought she would be a bore; and Mrs. this way: Me an' my pardner, Glentworth secretly decided that un- comin' ome late, 'appened along jes less she could invite an eligible party as this 'ere innocent was a reachin' fu to meet her she would be a marplot. flowers. We was t'other side o' th But before many days passed all de- inlet, an' seed a white figger on th cided that she was a delightful acquisi- log; an', jest as she wur a reachin', a tion to their little party. She never at- little boat wi' two in it came by, an' tempted to attract Hilary's attention; she a lookin' at that, lost 'er foot-'old she never intruded; Dolores and her an' fell. We run to get 'er out. But Dolores was puzzled and wondered to Mrs. Glentworth, and that good fisherman wiped his eyes. charmed "wisely," and they listened asked a physician. to the charmer. But by and by, when Dolores had come to have unbounded

faith in her, when Hilary regarded her as his friend, and Mrs. Glentworth his side, clasped her hands around his thought she had been cruelly mis- arm, and looked at him beseechingly; Destiny, having placed her there to a viper and left the room. complete the game, looked on with

What a wondrous August that was.

idling under oaks, where Hilary read impassioned love-poems, Dolores listening blushfully with downcast eyes, and Vivien thoughtfully, with now and then a keen glance at the reader! There was much duet practicing; Dolores would curl herself in the corner of a sofa and listen delightedly to her lover and her friend as they rendered soft Italian or Spanish airs. Foolish, unsuspicious Dolores! She could not see the upward languishing glances from those bewitching eyes, or note the white fingers accidentally touch her lover's hands. Hilary was an early riser, and was wont to take a stroll along the cliffs before breakfast. Vivien noted it, and often met him with her hands full of flowers and a look of astonishment in her face. Then followed a half-hour's conversation, often touching upon dangerous themes.

"How blest I am!" said he, "I have the dearest sweetheart in the world, and the loveliest woman for a friend." She looked at him with her beautiful eyes dim with tears, and replied softly: "But you can not think what it costs me to be your friend." Then she laid her hand on his arm deprecatingly, and with blushes said:

"Forgive me, I spoke unguardedly." After that Hilary's manner seemed to be changed; there was a restlessness and thoughtfulness foreign to him. Perhaps, if he could have shaken off the "enchanting wizard's" spell, could have roused to a state of activity, he might have broken the charm being cast over him. And it seemed as if Dolores' eyes were stricken blind, for in the innocence of her heart and her unbounded trust she saw and thought of nothing but devotion to herself on the part of her lover and fidelity on the part of her friend.

O, you two may go and practice godmother, who has a headache," said "I think so. But why are you in | Dolores one evening. The two went willingly enough, but, after singing a few songs, Vivien said:

"Singing of moonlit waters makes one long for them; can not we have a row before Dolores comes down?" And they stepped from the low window. to the lawn, and went down the cliffpath to the boat-house. They rode far up the bay, then drifted slowly back, listening to the far-off sounds of a guitar and the refrain of a love song in a rich tenor voice. The perfume of late roses came from the shore, and here was Vivien with her beguiling eyes talking in a sweet low voice:

"You ask me why I can not be your friend, and it is a cruel question. Do you ask it to torture me? It is for this

"We are friends;

And here the music ends!"
And she covered her face with her hands as if with shame at her avowal. Hilary bent forward and gently took them away, saving:

"But the music need not end there, Vivien!" and with tender pleading he bent forward, clasping her to his heart for a moment, raining kisses upon her lips. Then he resumed the oars, and Destiny, watchful ever, guided the boat close to the shore, among the lilypads.

Dolores left Mrs. Glentworth fast asleep, and, failing to find her friend and lover in the house, went to meet them. Perhaps they had gone for water-lilies, so she went through the garden, picking flowers as she passed | In 1867 he left London on the seventh and singing snatches of a Spanish serenade. The moonlight fell caressingly on her sweet, upturned face, the night breezes softly waved her dark an election to the British Columbia hair, and she went down the cliff paths | Parliament he was elected by seven leaving behind her the scent of flowers votes, and the following year he was and fragments of song. And there defeated for the same office by the were the lilies folded and gleaming "Yet you asked if she were charming | white on their emerald couches! She took a branch from a little tree to reach them with, and stepped on a partly submerged log. She had secured a handful and was reaching for more when the boat that was slowly drifting down the bay passed by the lily-blooming inlet; the moon shone full on the faces of the occupants, and Dolores saw the heart-clasp and the kisses. It dazed her for a moment; that heartclasp had in it an arrow that penetrated hers. She attempted to retrace her footsteps, but, weak and bewildered, she slipped and the lily-pads received and held her. Some fishermen, returning late, saw her fall, hastened moon yet shown down caressingly, but on a still white face and lips whence all song had departed.

The drawing-room was filled with nurrying figures, pale and scared faces, and cries of lament; all attempt to resuscitate the inanimate form had been in vain. The hastily-summoned physicians were standing over her when room, and brought him to complete | in with wondrous grace; her hair was | Hilary and Vivien came in; and on the brushed back in loose waves from her delicate carpet there were pools of water that had dripped from her clothing and hair. Vivien uttered a cry of horror; Hilary reeled and would have some soft blue stuff that seemed a part | fallen, but caught at a chair for support. Recovering his self-possession,

"As near as I ken tell ye, sir, 'twa society as ever. She devoted herself ha' mercy on 'er soul!" and the honest

"There is no life and no hope." Hilary buried his face in his hand and groaned aloud. Vivien came to judged, the fair Vivien uncoiled. And but he shook her off as if she had been

changed to a sorrowful, remorse-

stricken man. Hours after, passing from the room where Dolores lay in a woful state, and where he had been pouring forth a passionate prayer for forgiveness over the still, pale form, he found Vivien croucking in the hall. She approached him with a caressing gesture, but he motioned her away.

"And is all over between us?" st asked.

"Would to God there had been nothing between us. I have been faithless and my punishment is greater than I can bear. Forget that you have ever known me."

There was a peaceful nook where the dead and gone Glentworths were buried and Dolores was laid beside them. Destiny stood grim and firm by the coffin-lid, sobbing with mock grief, and, having played out the play, went to arrange other scenes and actors .-Utica Herald.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

-Queen Victoria is said to be fond of seeing her name in print. She seldom has that pleasure, though. Here it is: Mrs. Wettin.—Terre Haute Ga-

-Just thirty years ago Sarah L Bickford, of Porter, Me., loaned her autograph album to her cousin, Julia A. Libby, that she might write in it. A few weeks ago Julia returned the album to Sarah.—Boston Herald.

-There are two kinds of girls: One appears the best at home, and the other in the ball-room or gay crowd. When one is selected for keeps, the home test of character is by all odds the best. - Chicago Inter-Ocean.

-Dr. J. S. H. Fogg, of South Boston, Mass., has a complete set of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, having, it is said, paid sixty dollars for one scrawling signature cut from the fly leaf of a book. Boston Journal.

-A wealthy gentleman, Eli Krupp, of Philadelphia, has been traveling about the country for the last eighteen years attending camp-meetings. He carries a tent in two trunks and camps alone; doing his own cooking and washing .- Philadelphia Press.

-An eight-year-old child boarded the train recently at Richmond Va., for Nealville, Kan. Around her neck was a strip of blue ribbon, to which was attached a piece of eard-board and an envelope bearing the address and containing money for her transportation. She was sent to her relatives.

-The Prince of Wales, as future head of the Established Church, is sharply scored by the English Churchman for a recent Sunday dinner he gave forty guests, followed by a variety show, at which Japanese jugglers exhibited and string band played, "carefully avoiding sacred music."

-A romantic marriage was solem-nized at Kerhonkson, N. Y. The groom was John Ward, of Wolf Trap, Va., and the bride Mrs. Jennie Lansing, of Kerhonkson. Neither of the newly wedded couple had ever seen one another until the night preceding the marriage. The courtship had all been carried on by letter .- Buffalo Express.

-Mr Simeon Duck, of Victoria, B. C., is the seventh son of a seventh son day of the seventh month, and arrived in this country on the seventh day of the following month. When seeking same number of votes.

-W. S. O'Brien, of Boston, found a pocketbook in which were nine hundred dollars. He at once set about finding the owner, and succeeded at length. The book belonged to a Providence man, who not only awarded O'Brien with money, but wrote a letter to the Boston papers telling of O'Brien's honesty, and giving him and his business an advertisement that is likely to be worth much more than nine hundred dollars to the honest Boston man. - Providence Journal.

# "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-It is bad enough when a young man's sister takes his night hat when going for a horseback ride, but when she calmly appropriates his base-ball mask for bustle, she trifles with brother's love.-Puck.

you, or any of your many readers, inform a constant reader how to learn to play the flute?" No: we have some sympathy for the long-suffering public. -New Haven News. -A lady recently sought to instruct

-A correspondent asks: "Would

her little grandchild in relation to the provident care of Heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she. "Dod," replied the child, "but Uncle John puts the butter and sugar on."-Chicago Tribune.

-"Do you know that Nigster is so weak that he can't stand alone?" asked the Judge. "Mercy, no!" replied the Major. "What is the matter with him?" "Why, I asked him if he could stand a loan of five dollars, and he said he couldn't."-Tidbits.

-"And so that is a Roman candle?" she asked, upon seeing one of those pyrotechnics in full blast. "And do they always take one of those in Rome, upon retiring? True, they make quite an illumination while they last, but I shouldn't think they'd burn long enough to go to bed by."-Boston

-"Suppose you've heard that they are selling birds at all the soda-water fountains?" says the man with the "No. I haven't." "It is a The long night was spent in agonized fact." "What kind of birds are they self-upbraidings, and, when Mrs. Glent- | selling there?" "Swallows." Then worth went to summon him in the the man with the gag runs .- Cincinmorning, the gav. debonair youth had i nuti Times-Star.



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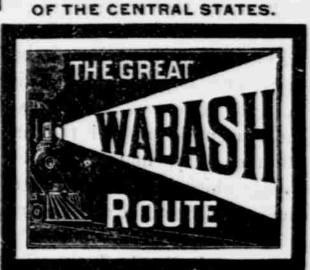
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